

What's Left of This Moment

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Summary: A Haremalia fic I wrote for my birthday c: Amalia and Harebourg have a brief moment to share with one another.

What's Left of This Moment

After months of being together, be it initially through conventional means, he still manages to find ways to make her blush to the point where she's not sure if the gold rimmed cream snowdrop flower, specifically adorned for special events, on her headband had also turned red. Today, her husband was being a bit more... passionate than usual.

The Countess takes a stance before her partner, one of preparation as well as a challenge. With her hand laid lightly over his, the moment she felt the first tug, she pulled herself forwards in a rougher manner, overpowering the engagement just a bit too much.

Amalia's overturn resulted in the soft thump of her back hitting Harebourg's chest, the wave of her silver and blue scaled gown that caught her tailwind would flap over his legs and jingle. She could hear the medal Frigost medallion of his cloak clink on the rear braces of her crown and a bit of his breath escaping at the impact.

"Oops," she mischievously huffed out. She lets a coy smile spread on her face as she looks upwards to him. The poor Count hadn't done anything to deserve it, but she was feeling playful- they rarely have a moment together like this in the hectic lifestyle of recovering a continent, so why not show their true nature towards each other when given the opportunity?

Harebourg looks down with raised eyebrows before recognizing that look on her face. Amalia was still an adventurous woman; he should've known better that his wife would need a bit more excitement than this.

Briefly laying a kiss behind her head, he takes the same hand that was already encasing hers and tugs her to the side. With a firm push, Amalia takes the action as a prompt to swing away from her companion, but they remain linked by hand. Amalia giggles to herself as she stretches outwards, one of her feet lifting to its toes she leans further back, but not off the ground.

Had he missed her cue? She could always try a second time.

She pulls herself back to Harebourg with less force than her first attempt, but just as she twirls halfway across, she's suddenly stopped by a boot that wasn't supposed to be in her way.

She gasps from the sudden trip, but instead of continuing to fall, she's cushioned by her spouse to slow down the decent. In a smooth motion, her drift downward stops. She now stands at an angle on a single foot, her Count acting as her only support from touching the crystallized floor.

Though an unexpected series of events, she makes use of their new position and leans back into the arm that held her up, starrng up into glacier-formed ceilings that were transparent enough to show the low saturated colors of dusk from world outside of the isolated room they were in. She couldn't help but to let out a sigh from how comfortable she was.

The woman flinches and squeaks as she feels a small dip in altitude, but she remained in the air under the smirk of her husband. Even as unbalanced as they were like this, she has complete trust within her partner... but that doesn't stop her from reprimanding him anyway.

"Jacquemart!" Amalia jabs the man with her free right hand by his right shoulder in a lighthearted manner. It was weaker than she intended, but she didn't want to tip over their already wavering position.

Harebourg only chuckles and lowers her even further, nestling his face within the furred collar of Amalia's gown to deliver slow kisses just under her jawline.

With an arm around the small of her back, his hand covering her shoulder blade, and his other hand keeping her left hand captive in a gentle grasp, Amalia was in complete, weightless bliss. She would be dishonest if she said she wouldn't want to be here, in the moment, for a while longer.

His hair would sway over the sides of her neck and cheek, coaxing out a smaller fit of giggles from her.

The Xelor broke contact for a moment and nudged Amalia's cheek with his own. [1]"Je t'aime, Amalia", he whispered to her. With one last kiss to her cheek, he lifted her back straight, but kept her close to by settling the hand on her back down to her waist.

Amalia hid herself on his chest, enamoring the scent of forest mints that lingered on his clothes, letting her laughter be muffled into the blue cloth. 'Well played,' she thought to herself.

Harebourg moved his right hand up to shift aside Amalia's now overgrown green bangs to tuck behind her ear, exposing her expression of pure content for him to relish. She grips his shirt to further hide her face. She adores her Count, but he can be overwhelming to her at times when she's not in control!

"Amalia?" his soft voice would call for attention. She arches her head up slightly to meet his gaze as his fingers slide down her cheek. Before, the notion would've forced her to look down again, but in this case, she found herself indulging herself with the warmth of the hand that cups below her chin.

With one small motion, he brings his lips to lock onto hers. She loves it when he focuses on her bottom lip.

It was rare that they were able to share a moment like this, they normally don't last as long as Amalia would've wanted either, but each time she has a chance, she cherishes it with all her being. She returns the kiss with eager force, only stopping when she feels Harebourg begin to part.

He lightly touches foreheads with her, never letting himself drift too far away. There was a mutual, comforting silence between them as their hair catch one another, but Harebourg was the first to stir the quiet. [2]"Happy birthday, ma belle princesse..." Harebourg strays off from the next part of his phrase in turn to smooch the tip of her nose. "But this this the only gift I want to give you," he finishes.

* * *

><p>Author's end notes:<p>

I headcanon Harebourg speaking in another language that Amalia likes to hear; in the case of this fic, he speaks in French c:

[1]: "I love you, Amalia."

[2]: "Happy birthday, my beautiful princess..."

End
file.